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LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY

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LITTLE FOLKS.

EDITED BY

CHARLES STUART PRATT AND ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

All manuscripts and editorial matter should be sent to the editors at Warner, N. H.

TERMS—READ CAREFULLY.

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S. E. CASSINO, PUBLISHER, SALEM, MASS.

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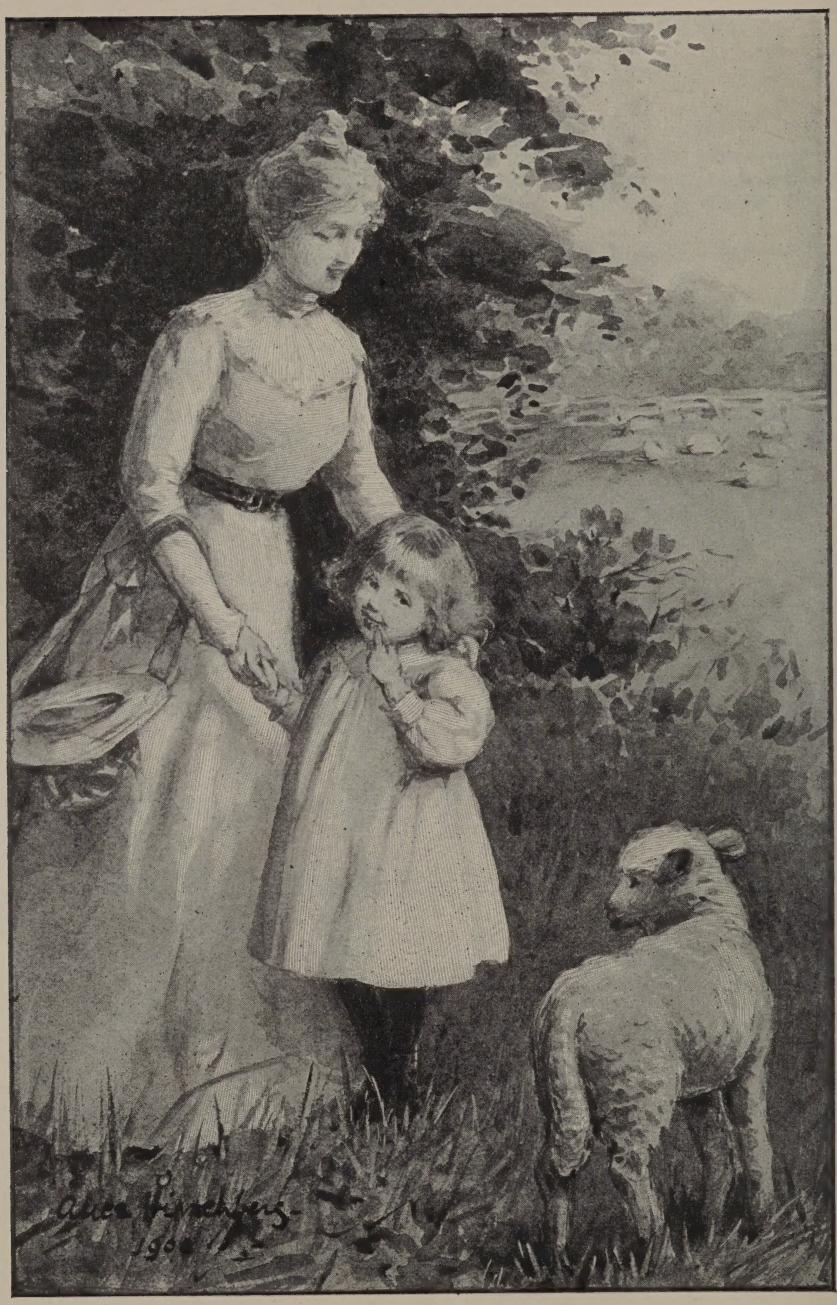
S. E. CASSINO,

PUBLISHER, SALEM, MASS.



THE LITTLE GIRL UNDERSTOOD!

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. III. AUGUST, 1900. No. 10.

THE CHILD WHO HADN'T ANYTHING.

I FOUND a child on a summer day
As the children played on the green together,
Who did not, would not, join in the play
Though they romped like mad in the sunny weather.
"I want a doll, a horse, and a ball,"
These were the words I heard her say,
"And a box of paints, and a jump-rope too,"
As I stopped there on my way;
"And I want a cart, and I want a swing—
I haven't anything!"

I took the child's little hand in mine,
And we paused, as we passed through the trees, to say
To a father-bird singing, swinging aloft,
"What would you like to have to-day?"
"I want the sun, and a voice to sing,
I want a little cosey nest,
Food for my pretty brown mate as she sits
With three eggs under her breast—
And nothing else in the world beside;
I have all these, I am satisfied."

Then we asked the blue flower in the grass,
"And what, little flower, can be given to you?
You must be tired of the winds that pass,
Of the sun, of the rain, and the evening dew!"
And the flower said, "That is all I want—
I want the rain, the dew, the sun,

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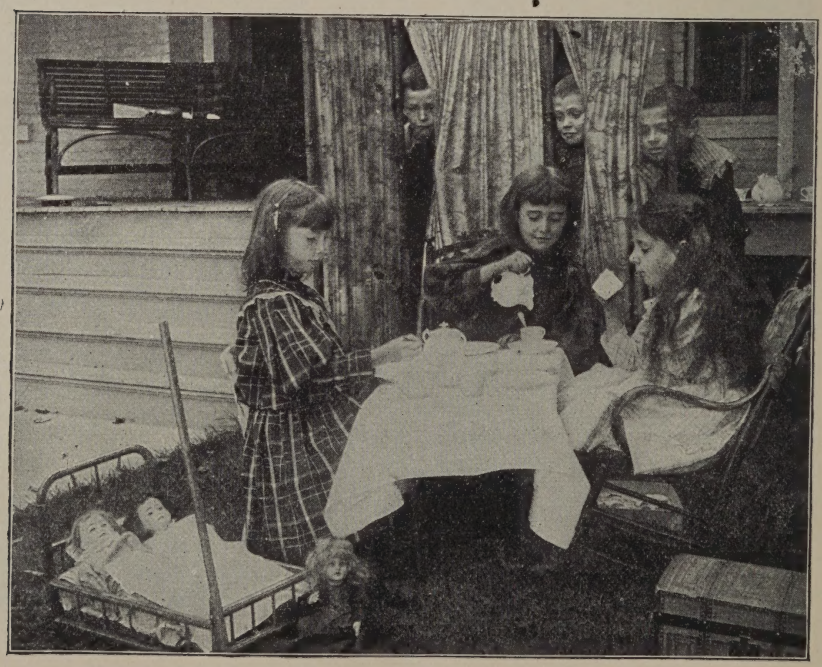
And to lift my face in the early dawn,
And to sleep when day is done.
That is all, except"—and she bowed her head—
"To be sweet to everyone," she said.

A small white lamb had strayed from the flock
And he frolicked and leaped along in his play;
We thought we'd go and speak to him too,
But he bleated and ran far on and away.
We followed him fast, followed him far,
We cried, "Is there something or other,
Little lamb, you'd like?" But he answered, "Ba-a!
There's naught I want but my mother!"
Did I make a moral? 'Twas not worth while,
For there it shone in the little girl's smile!

A. L. Sykes.



UNINVITED GUESTS.

MARY EMMA ALWAYS WASHED ON MONDAY.

MARY EMMA'S WASHERWOMAN.

ONE spring-time little Mary Emma Brewster went with her mama to spend six weeks at her Grandpa Hilton's farm. They went on Saturday. That very afternoon Mary Emma played at sea-bathing in the big watering trough, and she caught a bad cold in her throat.

Her cold was still very bad in her throat when Monday came, And Mary Emma always washed her doll Polly's clothes Monday!

Mary Emma's doll Polly was an only doll, just as Mary Emma herself was an only child. Polly was a very big doll, and had a great many clothes, but oh! she did soil them so! Mary Emma wouldn't have missed washing on Monday for anything.

"No, Mary Emma, you must not wash your doll's clothes while you have this cold in your throat," said Mary Emma's mama, when Mary Emma got her little wash-board out of her trunk that first Monday of their visit.

Mary Emma didn't usually look cross or "talk back" when her mama wouldn't let her do as she pleased; but she did look just a little cross now, and she said, "Why, Mama! I *must* wash! Polly's got on her last clean apron."

"See here, Mary Emma," said Grandma Hilton, "our black Cilla will come for the clothes this morning. She will wash your dolly's clothes."

"I couldn't let Polly's clothes be washed with folks' clothes!" said Mary Emma, firmly. "I did one time, and her pink dress was lost forever, and I never got it again."

Then Mary Emma went into the kitchen with Grandma Hilton, to drink some tea that would cure cold in the throat.

While Mary Emma was drinking the very bitter tea, black Cilla, who lived in the little house at the foot of the lane, came in for the washing.

A little round, short, black body came in behind Cilla. It was Cilla's little girl, about Mary Emma's age. And Mary Emma learned, from hearing Grandma Hilton speak to her, that her name was Jinsy.

Little black Jinsy looked wonderingly at Mary Emma, and Mary Emma said "Howdy," but Jinsy didn't say anything at all; she just looked at Mary Emma and smiled, showing a great many white teeth.

Presently Grandma Hilton and black Cilla went out, but Jinsy stood still in the middle of the kitchen, looking at Mary Emma and smiling and showing her white teeth. Mary Emma stopped sipping her tea and looked carefully at the little black girl; then she put down the cup and went up to Jinsy. "Will you wash my dolly's clothes?" she asked.

Jinsy looked at Mary Emma, and smiled and showed her white teeth more than ever.

"*I* can't," said Mary Emma. "I have a bad cold in my throat. Won't you wash them?"

But Jinsy only smiled and showed her white teeth.

"Of course I will pay you, if you will," said Mary Emma. "I will pay you a penny."

This time Jinsy nodded her head at once—a jerky little nod

that made all the snarly braids about her forehead bob up and down.

Mary Emma ran upstairs to her trunk and got her little washboard, and a piece of white soap, and Polly's clothes.

When Jinsy saw Polly's clothes she spoke for the first time since she had come in. "Gracious!" she said. "Ain't your baby-doll got a heap o' fine clothes!"

"My doll is not a baby doll," said Mary Emma. "She's a grown-up girl doll. I'll show her to you." And she ran for Polly.

"Gracious!" said Jinsy, again, when she saw Polly. "Haint she a bu'ful little grown-up girl doll! Wished I had a boughten doll!"

"Haven't you any dolly?" asked Mary Emma.

"No, ma'am," said Jinsy, "nothin' but a ole rag one. My daddy he haint got no money to buy me no boughten doll. Nur my mammy haint nother, an' Ole Sandy Claw he jus' never fetched me none. Gracious! wished I had a boughten one!"

Jinsy could wash very well for such a little girl. She often helped her mother wash real clothes. She took the pail of water that Mary Emma gave her and went out under the kitchen window, for there was a big flat stone there to set the pail on, and was bobbing up and down, rubbing Polly's clothes on Mary Emma's washboard, when Cilla came out with the big basket of washing on her head.

"You, Jinsy! what you 'bout, you mischief?" she called out.

"Mammy," said Jinsy, "I's doin' washin' for dat little white lady's little grown-up girl doll."

Then Cilla laughed, and Mary Emma's mama and grandma came out, and they laughed too.

"Nobody needn't be a-laughing," said Mary Emma. "Polly's clothes had to be washed; she has on her last clean apron."

"You come right straight 'long home, Jinsy, soon as you gits done dat little lady's washing,'" said Cilla, as she went out at the gate with the basket of clothes on her head.

Mary Emma sat inside the window and watched Jinsy wash. She noticed that Jinsy was very careful with the lace on Polly's white dresses, more careful than she herself would have been.

When the white things were all hung out to dry, Jinsy took up the colored dresses and looked up anxiously to Mary Emma at the window. "Does any of 'em fade?"

Mary Emma said the blue dress would fade. Jinsy said then the blue dress must be washed, all by itself, in salty water! So Mary Emma went into the pantry and brought Jinsy some salt to put in the pail.

When Jinsy finished washing, Mary Emma paid her a penny and Grandma Hilton gave her a cooky, and she went straight home, as her mother had told her to do.

The next Monday morning when Cilla came for the clothes, Jinsy came too. She went shyly up to Mary Emma and spoke to her: "Let me wash your little grown-up doll's clothes an' pay me one cent."

"Oh, I'm well of my bad cold now," said Mary Emma. "I can wash them myself."

"I wants to wash 'em," said Jinsy. "I wants to wash 'em fifteen times."

"Fifteen times!" exclaimed Mary Emma. "That is a good many times! What do you want to wash them fifteen times for, Jinsy?"

"Den you done be paid me fifteen one-cents," said Jinsy, "an' I can buy me a boughten doll at de store. I done been to see 'em at de store Sat'dy, an' de man say dey was fifteen cents fur one."

Mary Emma had only twenty pennies. She was hardly able to hire washings done.

She wanted to save her pennies until Christmas.

Besides she just loved to wash Polly's clothes herself!

"Let me wash' em," pleaded Jinsy again. "Den I buy me a boughten doll!"

So Mary Emma said, "I will. I will let you wash fifteen times, Jinsy, so you can buy a dolly."

When Mary Emma told her mama that Jinsy was going to wash Polly's clothes fifteen times, to earn money enough to buy a doll, her mama said she thought it *would* be a better plan to let Jinsy *earn* the money than it would be to *give* it to her.

"But she will have to wash two or three times a week to earn fifteen cents, at a penny a washing," said Mrs. Brewster, "for we have only five weeks more to stay. I think you will have to pay three cents for each washing. Then she will only need to wash every Monday."

"I didn't think about that, Mama," said Mary Emma. "Of course I must pay her three cents a washing."

Little black Jinsy washed Polly's clothes every Monday as long as Mary Emma stayed at Grandpa Hilton's farm; and when she had washed five times, after the first washing, she had sixteen cents.

And one day Jinsy's mother took her to the store, and Jinsy bought a little china doll and a stick of striped candy. And I know you never saw a happier child than that little black washerwoman was that day!

Ellen D. Masters.

WHEN THE BOAT LEAVES.—"ALL ASHORE THAT'S GOING ASHORE!"

HARD TASKS SHE DID.

THE TWO SISTERS AND THE FAIRY.

An Old Tale for Little Girls, new-told.

ONCE on a time there lived a haughty lady,
Widowed, with daughters twain;
The eldest one was very like her mother,
Scornful, and cold, and vain.

She was the favorite; while like her father,
In goodness and in grace,
The youngest grew, nor in that whole wide region
Was such a lovely face!

Yet just a drudge they made her in the kitchen;
She put the pots to boil,
Made beds, swept floors, until her poor small fingers
Were hard and red with toil.

The tasks she did, the hard, hard, daily duties,
Too many were to tell;
But twice each day they sent her with the pitcher
For water to the well.

One day she went as usual, swiftly tripping,
Wearing a ragged gown.
With her small arm she turned the heavy windlass
And let the bucket down;

Then winding it again, brimful and dripping
She brought it to the brink,
Just as a poor old woman passing, asked her,
"Please, may I have a drink?"

SHE HELD THE PITCHER KINDLY.

She answered, smiling, "Yes, indeed, and welcome!"
And filled the pitcher full,
And held it kindly while the feeble creature
Drank of the water cool.

Then suddenly the aged figure brightened;
A light shone in her eyes;
No more a beggar was she, but a Fairy
Clothed in a beggar's guise.

NO MORE A BEGGAR, BUT A FAIRY.

She spoke: "Because you are so tender-hearted
And kindly, my good girl,
Each word you speak shall turn into a flower,
A diamond, or a pearl!"

And then she vanished. Homeward with her pitcher,
Along the green-grass path
Hurried the girl, for she so long had lingered
She feared her mother's wrath.

And as she feared, she found her mother waiting.
"I am so sorry, ma'am,"
She said, poor child, with haste and fear and trembling,
"Sorry indeed I am!"

And as she spoke, from out her lips came dropping,
Down at her mother's feet,
Three diamonds, then three pearls, all large and splendid,
And then three roses sweet.

SHE FOUND HER MOTHER WAITING.

"Strange child, what does this mean?" cried out the mother,
Not knowing what to think.
The daughter told her of the beggar-woman
That asked her for a drink,

And how she blest her with a gift of jewels
For every word she spake;
And while she talked the flowers and gems were falling
As snow falls, flake on flake!

"Well, then," the mother cried, "my darling daughter
Franchon shall do the same!"
And at her chamber with a tender tapping
Softly she called her name:

"Go to the well, and take the pitcher, Franchon,
And when you get there, mind
Should any beggar-woman ask for water,
Be *very* sweet and kind!"

So Franchon went, and bore a silver pitcher,
Her mother's very best;
And there, a lady from the wood approached her,
Magnificently dressed,

And with commanding word and look and gesture
Asked Franchon for a draught.
The proud girl tossed her head in quick vexation,
And sniffed her nose, then laughed.

THE PROUD GIRL TOSSED HER HEAD.

"Tis well I brought a silver pitcher, madam,
For one so grand as you!"
"Where are your manners?" cried the queenly lady;
"Listen, and take your due!

"From out *your* mouth, with every word you utter,
Shall fall a snake or toad!"
She drew her silken mantle close about her,
And vanished down the road.

Back to the house went Franchon in a passion.
"Ah, well, my daughter dear?"
The mother questioned, as she came to meet her,
Eager to see and hear.

"Ah, well, my mother?" mocked the scornful Franchon—
And as the words were said
Three toads dropped from her lips, and one green serpent
With shining wicked head.

THE ELDER SISTER'S PUNISHMENT.

"*This* is your sister's work!" the frighted mother
Cried out in wild despair;
And both ran after her with sticks to beat her,
Hunting her everywhere.

She fled into the forest, scared and sobbing,
  Seeking the thickest place;
But a king's son, by chance, with all his courtiers,
  Was riding to the chase,

THE KING'S SON FOUND HER IN THE FOREST.

And spying her wet face and shrinking figure,
  He asked her why she cried.
She told; and with her words fell pearls and roses,
  And diamonds beside.

You know the rest. He took her to his palace,
  Gave her his heart and hand,
And she became—this poor drudge of the kitchen—
  The Lady of the Land!

Clara Doty Bates.

The First Prize, Class "Action," in the First Prize Photograph Competition, was awarded for this picture to Mrs. John Ferdon, Hazelhurst, Wisconsin.

FLOATING.

ROWING.

The Second Prize, Class "Action," in the First Prize Photograph Competition, was awarded for this picture to Mrs. John Ferdon, Hazelhurst, Wisconsin.

CHAPTER X.—PETER PEW, THE TIN PEDDLER AND HIS RAG-BAGS.

IT was not hard after that to tell the farmer all about the monkey and the pumpkin.

He was almost as much pleased to hear how cunning the monkey had been, as he was when he thought that his son Tobe had been so smart as to get the monkey into the pumpkin to draw a crowd and let every one know that he raised fine vegetables and the son Tobe sold them.

"Now I want to hire that monkey to stay right here till the fair is over," he said. "I will see that he is well taken care of, and I will pay what you think it is worth,"

"O, you needn't pay! We are so glad that you are not angry about the pumpkin being all dug out!" cried Bee eagerly.

Billy Boy gave her a little pinch, all in vain; he didn't dare to give her a great pinch, for fear she would cry out.

He pushed her aside and stood up very straight before the farmer. "I am the monkey's brother—I mean I am the girl's brother that owns the monkey."

Billy Boy grew the more confused because the girls and boys laughed. But he held his head up and spoke very slowly and distinctly: "We don't ask any pay for the monkey except the pumpkin for a jack o' lantern, when the fair is over!"

"You shall have it," said the farmer heartily. "And a monster of a jack o' lantern it will be!"

Then all the Pekoe boys and girls—the very ones who had laughed at Billy Boy when his speech became a little mixed—shouted and cheered. And the monkey came out and danced about on the outside of the pumpkin and cheered, too.

"Oh dear, I don't know what we shall do if we've got to have that monkey here all the rest of the fair!" said the cross girl at the next table. "He'll change the labels on everything before he gets through!"

"I'm afraid he does do that," said Bee looking troubled. "I'm afraid he mixed up the pumpkin and the drum and himself and the yellow-capped monkey."

BILLY ASKING FOR THE PUMPKIN.

Then Bee told the farmer all about the queer mistakes that had been made, and the farmer stroked his chin as people sometimes do when they are trying to remember things.

"I was trying to think where I saw a monkey with a yellow cap. Now I remember!" he said. "I was in my son's store, in Gobang, yesterday, when a farm-wagon went by, and on the seat were a girl and a monkey with a yellow cap. She seemed very much pleased, as if she had just got the monkey."

"That's just what we heard before," said Pinky Jones. "Beppo ran away from his cruel master and jumped into a farm-wagon and was driven away. Oh, don't you know where the wagon was going?"

"No, I don't," answered the farmer. "Those wagons come to Gobang from the country all around and I don't know one from another."

"Oh, I shall never see my dearest Beppo again!" wept Pinky.

"Well, now, if they sent you this monkey instead I wouldn't complain!" said the farmer. "That was only a common monkey and this is a very uncommon one!"

"This one isn't really mine at all," said Pinky Jones. She told the farmer the whole story; how the Italian from whom she had bought the yellow-capped monkey had stolen him away from her and sold him to Bee, and then sent Bee the wrong monkey.

"She only calls him half mine to make me feel better," added Pinky Jones. "And, anyway, the one you are fond of is the one you want, no matter how many nicer ones there may be."

"That's very true," said the farmer.

All the Pekoe boys and girls said they hoped the yellow-capped monkey would be found, and the farmer said so, and the sailor, and even the cross girl.

"But he never will be found," whispered Bob Brown to Tommy Pritchard. "Let the girls think so if they want to! Pinky Jones thinks she can find him because he had on a yellow cap—as if half the monkeys didn't have yellow caps."

That was on the way home. They set out for home before it was late because they wanted to know whether the drum for the Pekoe Guards had come by express from Gobang. The

Guards were still a little anxious about their drum and very eager to see it.

Orlando, who had run away with the automobile, had not yet come back. He had been sent to take care of the children, but Billy Boy said he felt as if they ought to have taken care of Orlando, for everyone knew that Orlando always wanted to know what made anything go. He wanted to know so much that he would forget everything else.

But they needn't telephone all over the country after him. Orlando was honest and he would come back.

Pinky Jones was driving home with her father, but just before they all reached Pekoe a thunder-shower came up. It was heavy for a September thunder-shower, and Pinky and her father went into the Browns' to wait until it was over.

Peter Pew, the tin-peddler, Orlando's brother, came driving up, and took shelter with his tin-wagon in the Browns' barn.

Bee was always glad when Peter Pew came with his tin-wagon, because he let her rummage in his rag-bags and take all the pretty pieces that she wanted to dress her dolls.

The dressmakers all sold their rags to Peter Pew and one could always find beautiful bits of silk and ribbon and lace in his rag-bags.

When Billy Boy told Peter what Orlando had done Peter said he must go and look after that boy. Peter was fifty and Orlando was forty, and Peter always called Orlando "that boy."

He said he would get a bicycle in the village and try to catch up with the automobile that had run away with that boy!

He wouldn't admit that Orlando had run away with the automobile. He said that when a carriage ran along without any horse it wasn't natural and you couldn't tell what it would do with a poor boy.

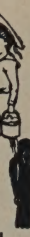
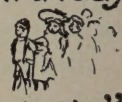
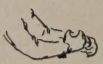
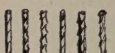
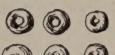
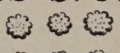
When Pinky Jones knew that the Peter Pew rag-bags were to stay in the barn till the next day, and that she and Bee might take out all the pieces for dolls' clothes that they liked, she coaxed her father to let her stay all night with Bee.

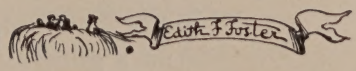
(*To be continued.*)

Sophie Swett.

JIMMY CROW

X.

"It was a year ago today I found  ," said Jack. "He must have a 'birthday' party." So invited the  he and Jimmy liked best to "Jimmy's picnic." They all went up to the -pasture where Jack found . First there was little Ibelle, carrying Jimmy Crow in her  . Next came her big brother Alden, who had a with in it. Louise had  in a , and Bob brought  in a . Russell carried  in a , and last came Jack with a tin . Nobody knew what was in it. That was Mama's "surprise." They sat down under a shady and divided the goodies. sat in the middle, and they each gave him a piece. After they had all eaten a and and and , Jack opened the . The children all put

their close together to see, and as the came off they shouted, "Oh, oh! Ice-cream!" Then they sat down again in a circle, in the middle, with a . He gave each one a in turn. Oh, how good it tasted! But wanted some, and when Jack would not let him eat from the spoon, he grabbed it in his and flew away. The chased him until he dropped it, and then gave him a taste of the ice-cream. He didn't like it, so the ate it all. Then they picked , until Alden's and Bob's and Louise's were all full. Just as they were starting home, a little tired after all the fun — "Hurrah!" shouted Russell. "Here comes Uncle Charlie, with his . He will give us a ride." So kind tossed them up into the hay, one by one — little Ibelle first — and they all rode home on the 

ON THE FIELD OF TUMBLEDOWN!

A GREAT BATTLE.

'TWAS the talk of Sunny-Town
How they fought at Tumbledown;
Tumbledown is, by the way,
Farmer Adams' field of hay,
Although, it is very true,
'Twas a field of battle, too;
But, as I have since inquired,
Not a shot was ever fired.

There were heroes of renown
On the field of Tumbledown!
Corporal Brown and Sergeant Dunn,
With a wooden sword and gun;
Major Fred and Captain Lew,
And a general or two.

Never braver soldiers met
On a field of battle yet!

What is said in Sunny-Town
Of the field of Tumbledown?
Why, just this: a farmer's cows
On the hay began to browse,
When this very soldier band,
Wooden gun and sword in hand,
With a sudden run and shout
Put the enemy to rout.

Frank Walcott Hutt.

HOW JOHN CROSSED THE STATE–LINE.

THINGS were very real to John. They caused him much thought. When he read a story-book, he wondered where the little boys and girls went to school and what they did besides what was told of them in the book.

"They are not real folks," said his mother one day; "the people make them to amuse children like you."

"Are the stories lies then?" asked John, quite horrified.

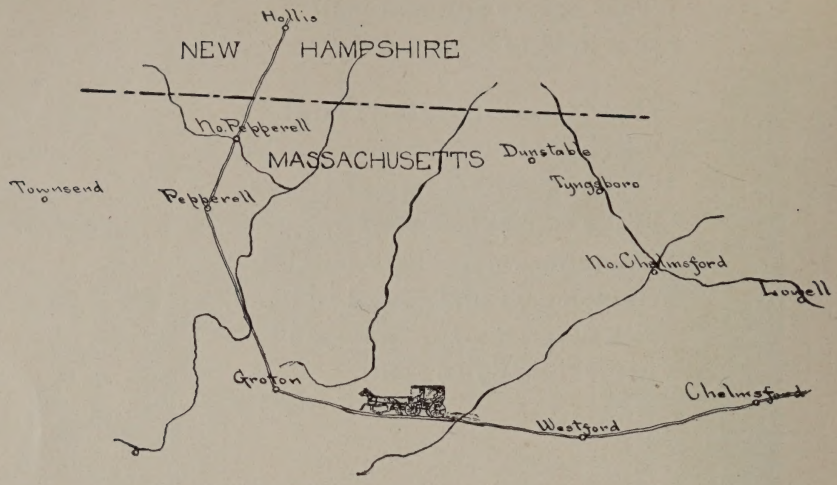
"Oh, no!" said his mother, trying not to smile; "they are like your Mother Goose, just make-believes!"

After that, little John divided everything into two classes: "true things" and "make-believes!"

John was then just beginning to study geography. He knew that the word came from putting together two Greek words "Geo," the earth, and "Grapho," to write. "Writings about the earth," then, was geography.

They were studying about New England, and about Massachusetts, the state in which John lived.

He knew that "God made the earth, the sea, and all that in them is." God had made the hills and rivers, while men had made roads and built towns. "Who made the red lines between the states?" he asked one day in the class.



A FINE LONG DRIVE.

"Those are political lines, John," said the teacher, and some of the bigger boys laughed. So John asked no more questions, but hoped he might find out for himself.

"John," said his mother one day, "your father and I are planning to go on a fine long drive into New Hampshire, and we think we will take you."

"And we will cross the state-line?" asked John.

"Yes."

"Hurrah!" said John; for now he could see the red state-line for himself.

With pencil and thin paper he traced the roads, and the towns through which they were to drive, promising himself to keep a sharp lookout for the red line.

The day was fine. John sat on the back seat with his mother, the map in his pocket ready for use. They passed through Chelmsford, Westford, Groton, and Pepperell; and North Pepperell was the last town in Massachusetts.

"I had rather wait if you please," said John, when his mother offered him a sandwich, and a fine apple. He must not miss the state-line!

"There, now we are in New Hampshire!" suddenly said

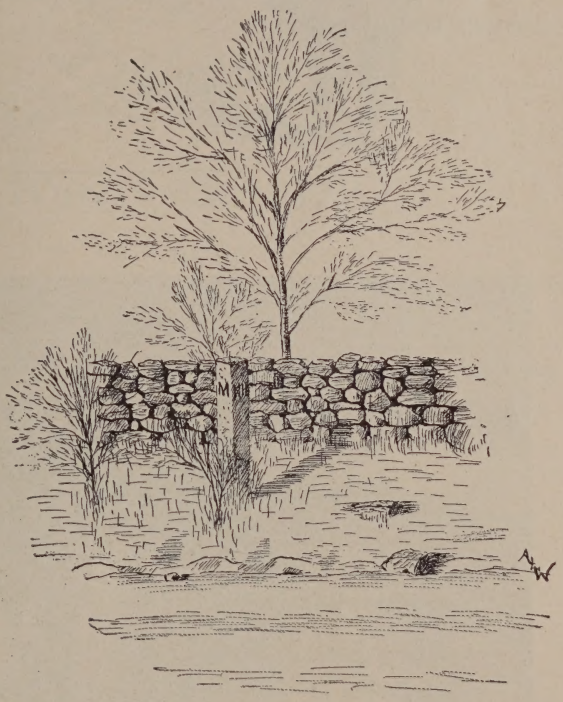
John's father, who had promised to be sure and tell when they entered the state of New Hampshire.

"Stop! oh, *please* stop!" cried John, for the horse was going quite fast. "I must see the line!"

So the horse's head was turned, and they drove back to a stone set into the side of the road: it had an "M" on one side and an "N. H." on the other.

"But the *red line!*" said John. "Where is it? *It is the red line that I want to see!*"

They told him that the red line was only to be seen on the map; that the state-line was miles and miles long, and that no fence even could be built upon it, as many farms were partly in one state and partly in the other; and that there was one house built with half on one side and half on the other side, so that when you crossed the hall into the parlor, you could honestly say, "I have gone out of the state!"



THE STATE-LINE STONE.

Little John was very much disappointed and somewhat surprised too; for it would almost seem that the school-map was not to be depended upon. He asked how often the marking-stones were set along the boundary line between the states.

His father said, "As often as the boundary line changes its direction; and as often as a road crosses the line."

John told his teacher all about his journey, and they called it a "Geography ride," and the teacher told him that he had "set her thinking."

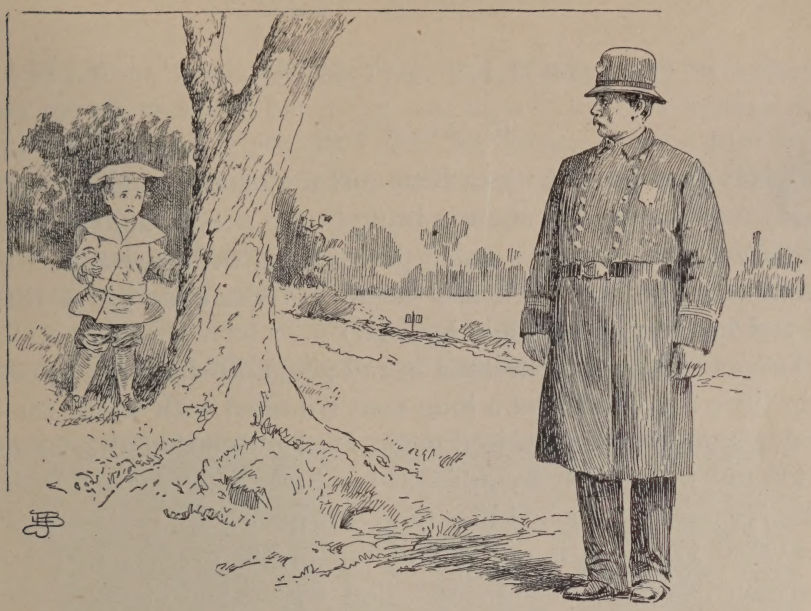
The next Friday afternoon, she asked all the pupils to write out and hand to her some question in geography that puzzled them. Then each question was read aloud, and any pupil might raise his hand and answer if he could; and if no one could, then the teacher did—and what do you think was one question?

"Please will you tell me, is it red fences, or red stone walls, that they put around the states?"

Little John was proud and happy that he could correctly answer the question.

John H. Gutterson.

A SAILOR–KISS.



TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

I. The Child's.

THE policeman in the park is big and fierce and strong.
He stands upon the corner whenever I go by
And looks right straight at me just as if I'd done some wrong.
Oh, I'm very much afraid although I can't tell why!

Once when I was playing all alone beneath a tree
He came so close to me that I couldn't help but cry.
When I'm a grown-up man if he looks that way at me,
I'll walk close up to him and I'll ask the reason why.

II. The Policeman's.

I like to watch the children who come here every day;
They look up sideways at me, then quickly hurry by,
And when I come close to them, they always stop their play—
They seem to be afraid although I can't tell why.

Once I saw a little boy alone beneath a tree
But when I came to him he at once began to cry;
I feared that he was lost and only went to see—
Oh, they should not be afraid, for there's no reason why!

Grace Wickham Curran.

DOLLY STORIES.

III.—Eva St. Clair.

ONE time when I was a little girl my dear Grandma came to visit us, and she too brought me a new dolly. How glad I was, for she was a sweet pretty dolly with real and truly yellow hair and blue eyes, and her mouth was open just a little bit and her tiny teeth could be seen!

This new dolly was dressed in red silk, and she wore a cunning little red hood, and a long coat trimmed with white fur—I know you will be surprised when I tell you she had the dearest little muff into which I could put her little hands! She had a baby trunk and it locked like the ones grown-up people have; and when I opened it and found the pretty dresses that had been put there, I was so pleased that I went and kissed Grandma and said, "Oh, you dear, dear Grandma!"

Mama once read a story about a little girl with yellow hair, and her name was pretty; so I said I would call my new dolly for the little girl in the book, and I named her "Eva St. Clair."

I was not able to walk when Grandma came to visit us, but I could sit in the large chair in the sun, with my dollies all around me, and they were so much company!

I "made believe" Eva had come from New York to live with me, and to call me her new mama. I would play that she told my other dollies of her far-off home, and of her little friends, and I knew the dollies liked to hear all about them. One day Eva was sick, for I played she had been to a party and had eaten too much ice cream and candy. I held her in my arms and sang to her, and called her my poor sick baby. I think she was too ill to listen to me when I told her she could not go to another birthday party until she was older; for she did not cry or say anything. I played Eva was sleepy and must not be disturbed so Mama put my other dollies in their chairs, and I told them they must be very still, for poor Eva must sleep.

My good kind doctor came to see me, and when he saw me holding Eva, he said, "Well, Little Mama, how is your sick child to-day?"

I told him to "make believe" she was very sick, and he looked in her mouth and held her hand, and then he said, "I think Eva sat up too late last night, and that her Mama allows her too much candy." Then he gave me some real and truly medicine and said, "When you take your medicine, give Eva some too." Mama and Grandma smiled, but my dear good doctor shook his head and said, "You must help the Little Mama care for Eva today." And Grandma dressed my dollies and sent them to school, and Mama put my little tea-set on the table, and

EVA COULD LOOK OUT AND SEE THE PEOPLE PASSING.

got their dinner ready for them, and she brought a cup of milk for me to give poor Eva.

In the afternoon one of my little-girl friends came with her dolly to play house with me, and Eva was so much better she was able to be dressed. I sent Grandma to the play-school to bring my other children home to see the company-dolly. We "made believe" Eva must be kept very quiet; and after the dollies had eaten their dinner of tiny crackers and milk, they

all sat in a row and looked out of the window, and we sewed for our children.

Eva got better very fast and she wished to sit in the window with her sisters, so I wrapped a shawl around her, and put her in the sunniest place, where she could look out and see the people passing—and whom do you think she saw? My good kind doctor who was driving by! He looked up to the window and bowed to my dollies, and then he stopped to tell me he was so glad to know Eva was better, and able to sit up.

Ray Laurance.

THE SONG OF THE TOP.

Spinning!
Spinning!
Spinning!
Round
and round I go,
Twirling, tripping, dipping,
Gliding to and fro; Cutting graceful circles, Then, with sudden start,
Right and left go bounding — Well
I know my art! Life to me is motion! Blithe as bird on wing,
With each revolution, Hark
the song I sing! Humming, humming, humming, Round and
round I go! Oh,
I lead a gay
life, Gliding to
and
fro
!

Maggie Wheeler Ross.

To Subscribers of "Little Men and Women–Babyland."

We have sold our subscription list to "LITTLE FOLKS" and have discontinued "Little Men and Women" from this date.

All unfilled subscription time to our magazine will be filled by the sending of "LITTLE FOLKS," under our contract with the publisher, and we hope you will be so well pleased therewith that you may continue as a reader thereof for years to come.

We thank you for your patronage and part with regret.

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN CO.,

July 23, 1900. Troy, N. Y.

Commencing with this issue, the magazine, "Little Men and Women–Babyland" is incorporated with LITTLE FOLKS. The publisher has purchased the subscription list, copyrights, and business of that magazine, and all remittances due on subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the publisher of LITTLE FOLKS. All subscribers to "Little Men and Women–Babyland" will receive LITTLE FOLKS for the remainder of their subscription term.

The Editors and Publisher of LITTLE FOLKS are glad to welcome "Babyland" children to the family of LITTLE FOLKS and feel confident they will become warm friends. Sixteen months ago the subscribers to "Our Little Ones and the Nursery" joined our always growing family and they at once became actively interested in LITTLE FOLKS, securing new subscribers and telling their friends about the magazine.

The publisher would like to have every little friend who enjoys LITTLE FOLKS become an agent and try and secure subscribers. It is often very easy to secure a new subscriber. This morning a subscriber sent thirteen which she secured in one day. You cannot all do this but you can secure one almost any day. The first Volume of LITTLE FOLKS, handsomely bound and containing hundreds of delightful pictures and stories will be given for one new subscriber and 20 cents for postage. Fifty fine engravings will be sent postpaid for one new subscriber. The publisher will send eight paper dolls free to any one who sends him the names and addresses of ten mothers who have children from three to seven years of age. The names should be of people who would like to have LITTLE FOLKS.

Little Folks will be sent free for a year to any person securing two new subscribers.

The editors wish much that they could publish all the letters which the *Little Folks* children send. They desire to thank Nellie Sproul, Winnie Jack, Nellie Towne Burleson, Vernon R. Manny, Everett Coffelt, (who is writing to the boys of his acquaintance, inviting them to subscribe for *Little Folks*, because he himself likes it better than any other publication,) Edna E. Brier, Alice E. Wharton, Paul Dunn, Annie Rosen, Philip W. Blood, Anna Myra Love (who says she has to "write Robinson Cruso stories" as part of her school work, and "finds it hard"), Katherine Eastman (who has a Spanish pony of her own to ride, which has been "all through the war"), Jessie Lewis, Millard Holm, Edwin McFarland (who lives on a Minnesota farm of six thousand acres), Marguerite Christensen, Marguerite Waugh, Gladys Blackmer (whose little dog "went mad," and whose canary bird has "got loose out doors," and they can't catch him, but Gladys thinks he is happy now), Helen Van Hoy, Linford McMahon, Bonnie Sanborn (who has a little rabbit named "Rose-pink"), Frances Dayton, Pearl Buck, Anthony S. Coombs, Vaughan Bryant, Katherine M. Rich, Babe La Du, Rachel Thacher, Florrie Lu Taylor, Ethel Louise Ensiger, Grace L. Byrar, Gladys Louise Dawson, Melita H. Roberts, Anna Grace Ellis, Margaret Purinton (who is cultivating poppies, sweet peas, and mignonette), Minnie N. Harrison, Edgar and Edna Fuller, Mabel Certain, Eunice Certain, Dorothy Conrad, Lola Pierce, Blanche R. Lane, Annette Dray, Marguerite Butterfield, Burl Haight, Stella E. Forrest.

NEW WOODSTOCK, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl six years old. I do not go to school. I had you for my birthday present, and I am going to get two new subscribers if I can. I like the stories of "Roggie and Reggie,"—"Jimmy Crow" and the "Two Dogs that went to School" best. My mama reads them to me many times over. At our Sunday school exercises Christmas eve I spoke "Little Margaret's First Stocking," that was in December magazine. I have such a nice kitty named "Dandy"; she follows me like a little dog. We have a nice horse named "Bell" after me. I hope you will put my little letter in. I like to hear the letters other little girls and boys write.

Bell Miller.

LONG CREEK, ORE.

Dear Little Folks:—It made me very happy to see my letter in the Letter Bag, and I want to thank you for publishing it. I dearly love you, *Little Folks* and have always taken you. I tell mama that I always want to take you. Mama always reads you to me the first time, then I read it over and over till the new number comes. I wish all the children in the world could take you. I live in the Blue Mountains of Oregon and seventy-five miles from the nearest railroad. My papa is a doctor and my Uncle Jack a dentist and druggist and lives with us. I have no little brothers or sisters but I have lots of dolls, and cats, and little playmates, and a violin, and I take lessons on the piano, and I go to school. I will be so glad to see my letter printed again in the Letter Bag. With love to you and all the little readers.

Gladys Crockett.

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Then we know what you will do—go right along guessing at things, trusting to luck.

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MALDEN, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl, five years old, and my mama reads all your stories to me, and sometimes I speak some of the pieces in school. I like to hear the letters from other little boys and girls. I have a big dog, "Carlo," and my papa keeps three horses. I am learning to read, and I can read some of the stories in my magazine myself. But I enjoy them better when mama reads them. I am going to have my magazine bound in a big book, to keep until I am grown up.

Gladys J. Kidder.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I send you away as soon as I have read you to a little girl. I like "Billy Boy Brown" and that story of "A Doll's Boarding House." I have a pet cat; he likes to have me wheel him in my doll's carriage; when he was a kitten he liked to go to sleep in my doll's bed, and I used to put him in my doll's cradle and rock him to sleep. His name is Buttercup Sunflower Ellis. I named him that because he is yellow and white. I have twenty dolls and one large doll; she is two feet tall. *Harriet Ame Ellis.*

SYLVAN LAKE, MINN.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy fourteen years old, and work on a big farm where there is 95 head of cattle. I have a pony which I ride after the cows; she is white, and her name is "Sady." I have a dog that helps me chase them into the barn; his name is "Ring."

George Arthur Forsythe.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Little Folks:—I am nearly eight years old. We take you and like you ever so much. I have a cat with four little kittens, which are white, gray and black; the white one's tail is yellow. The kittens are in the feed-box in the stable, and I don't know how the mother is going to get them out, for it is a big box. My sister and I have three bantams; their names are "Schley," "Topsy," and "Betsey Ross." They have laid many eggs, and we had some dyed for Easter. They run away from home sometimes, and I go after them. I live in Washington, but I went down to the country to my grandmother's to spend Easter.

Marthena Moon.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—I got you for my birthday. One time mama and I were going down town. We went into a bookstore and saw you lying there. Mama bought you, and we liked you very much, and mama said she would give it to me if I were a good girl, and so she did. I will tell you about my two pets, a cat and a horse. The cat's name is "Puss-in-the-boots," but we call her "Puss" for short. The horse's name is "Rocksy," and she will shake hands. If you say "Get up a step," she will only go a step. I think you are the best little paper published. *Malchen E. Lantz.*

PORTLAND, O.

Dear Little Folks:—I have a bicycle, and I love to ride. I go out riding with my papa almost every evening. When my school closed we had an "Ivy Fete," and I was one of the maids-of-honor to the ivy queen. There were ninety girls dressed in white, and it was very pretty. *Jeannette Thomas.*

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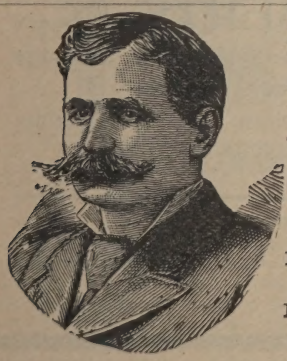

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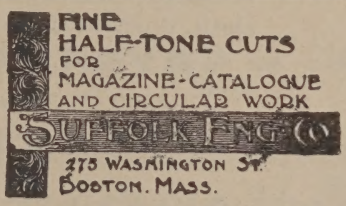

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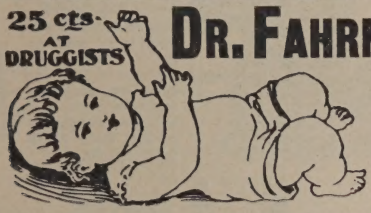

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YORK, PA.

Dear Little Folks:—As I have had the pleasure of receiving you for the past few months, I thought you would be pleased to hear how I like you, and how eagerly you are looked for every month. My mama gave you to me for my last birthday present, and I like every story very much. I am a little boy, a bit over six years old, and have no brother or sister, but have a dog named "Toddles," and a white bunnie with pink eyes, who has dug a hole in the cellar, where it runs and hides every time Toddles runs after it. I have a dear little friend, who lives next door to me. His name is Charles Baylor; he has also been taking you over a year. and he likes you also very much.

Herbert Metz.

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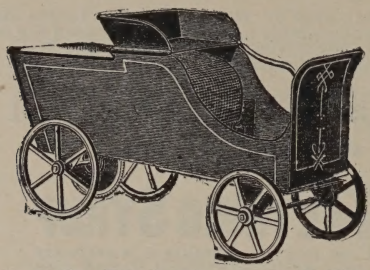
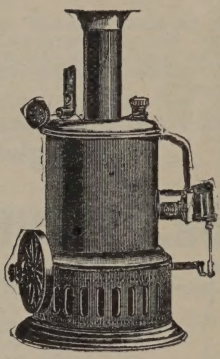
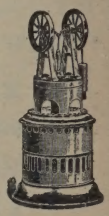
These toys are made by the Weeden Manufacturing Co , and are all guaranteed. Directions are given with each, and every engine is carefully tested before being sent out. Each one is safely packed in a wooden box. The parts are interchangeable and duplicates, if broken or injured, can be purchased of the manufacturers at New Bedford, Mass. These large and handsome machines make the most popular, interesting and instructive toys a boy can own.



Locomobile. This is an exact reproduction of the Locomobiles seen on our streets at the present day. The motive power is steam. The boiler is placed under the seat. The stearing lever is adjustable, so that the carriage can be run in either a straight or curved line. Sent post paid for three new subscribers, or for one new subscriber and $1.00. Cash price $2.00.



Upright Engine. This is simple, but strong and complete, perfect in all its parts. Stands 8½ inches high. Sent by mail for one new subscriber and 10c. Cash price 60c.



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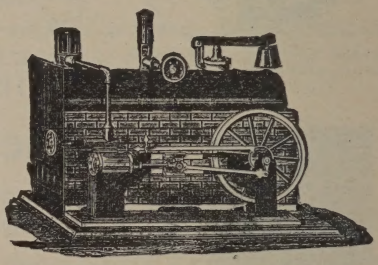
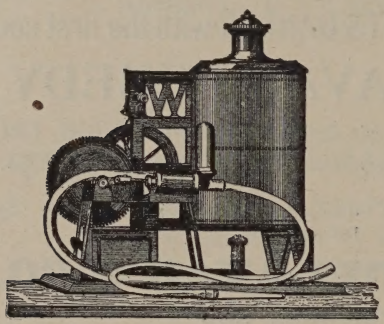
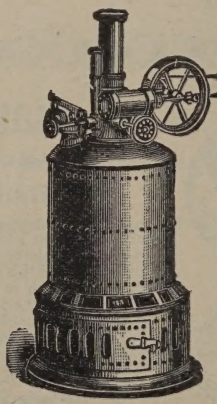


Horizontal Engine. Made of polished brass and Russia iron. An eccentric on the crank shaft controls the valve rod, to which is attached the rocking valve, that by its motion lets the steam into and out of the cylinder. Sent post or express paid for three new subscribers and 10c. Cash price $2.00.

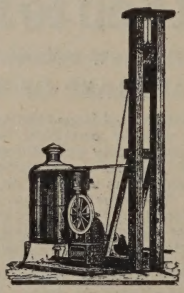


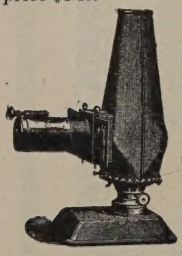
A Steam Force Pump and Steam Engine Combined. Throws a stream of water six feet. Sent post paid for two new subscribers and 10c., or for one new subscriber and 50c. Cash price $1.25.



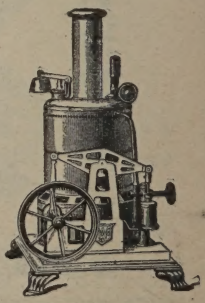
Steam Engine. This engine is made entirely of well tempered polished sheet brass. Steam chest, steam and exhaust pipe and whistle; whistle valve and throttle valve seats are cast in one piece. Exhausts steam through smoke stack, which no other makedoes. Sent post or express paid for two new subscribers or one new subscriber and 50c. Cash price post paid, $1.00.

Steam Pile Driver. This very interesting toy is finished in fine colors and is thoroughly tested before being sent out. Works like the large Pile Drivers. Sent post paid for two new subscribers or for one new subscriber and 50c. Cash price $1.10.

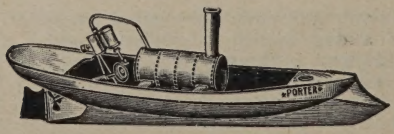




Brilliant Magic Lantern, with safety lamp and screw focal adjustment. Six slides with each lantern. (12 additional slides will be sent, postpaid, for one new subscriber.) Full directions for operating the lantern will be sent in the box. Sent post paid for two new subscribers, or for one new subscriber and 50c. Cash price $1.00.



Beam Engine. Has steam chest, cylinder, walking beam, eccentric rod and valves, balance wheel and pulley, all carefully and accurately put together. Sent post paid for three new subscribers and 20c. Cash price $2 25.



Steamboat. This steamboat has a nicely modelled hull (torpedo type), polished brass boiler, and presents a very attractive appearance. Length of hull, 15½ in. Sent post paid for two new subscribers and 10c. Cash price $1.35.

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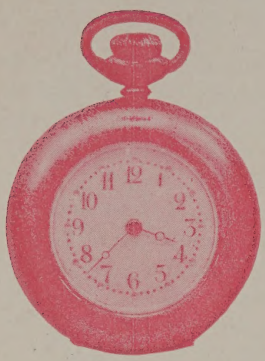

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